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R. Gaywood Fecit

HOLLANDS INGRATITUDE:

Or, A SERIOUS

EXPOSTULATION

WITH THE

DUTCH.

Shewing their Ingratitude to this Nation, and their inevitable Ruine, without a ſpeedy Compliance and Submiſsion

TO HIS

Sacred Majeſty

OF

BRITAIN.

By CHARLES MOLLOY
of Lincolns-Inn, Gent.

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The Explanation of the Frontiſ-piece.

WHat may this Emblem mean? A *Cow* with *Kings*?
A *Miter'd Prince*? Theſe are *myſterious* things!
Fed by a *KING* too, O, I have it now:
Holland is repreſented by the *Cow*.
Englands Great Monarch gives this *Beaſt* its food,
Which is the Iſſue of a *Vip'rous Brood*.
Intuitively view this *belly'd Creature*,
And you ſhall finde it both in form and feature
The *Dutch Reſemblance*, and to come more near,
A *Flemiſh Vroe* and *Cow* both *Calves* do bear.
See how her Neck ſhe doth *extend* to feed,
Yet (damn'd Ingrate) would make her *Feeder* bleed.
Her Eſſence ſhe receiv'd from *England*, yet
Ingrateful *She* doth now diſown that Debt.
Grateful Acknowledgement this *Beaſt* now ſcorns,
But ſtrives to goar her *Maker* with her horns.
Now ſince 'tis ſo (*GREAT KING*) Commiſſion give,
How long this baſe unthankful *Beaſt* ſhall live.
Her ſides with fat ambitiouſly do ſwell;
'Tis onely ſeeming fat, *She* is not well;
She's out of tune, her looks declare her ſick
Of Tumult, and Diſorder, Lunatick.
She muſt have *Doctors*, and ſhe muſt *endure*
Phlebotomizing, to enjoy a *Cure*.
Our KING's the *Balſom*, and the *Hellebore*,
That muſt preſerve our *Int'reſt*, and reſtore
Hollands dead Stupor, to a juſt *quick ſence*
Both of *Ingratitude* and *Recompence*.
Hee'l teach *Her* both at once to *feel*, and *know*,
Theſe two deep points; what *She* doth *want* and *owe*.
He that enjoys the *Daniſh Regal* Seat,
Holds by the Horns, who in a *Bergen heat*

Pretends much friendſhip, and with Pitch and Tar,
And her own Moneys, carries on the War.
Denmark beware, leſt we hereafter Scoff;
Her turn being ſerv'd, *She* then will turn you off.
Rather, ſince ſhee'l not bear her Soveraigns yoak,
Hold her Head *fair* for *Englands fatal ſtroak*.
When by that blow *She* falls, we muſt conclude
The *Judgement* juſt againſt *Ingratitude*.
Sit faſt brave *Don*, ſince Mounted, let her know
Who was her *Maſter* once, who muſt be now.
Spur to the *quick* this ſlow-pac'd *Animal*;
Though *She* may wince or kick, thou canſt not fall.
Be bold, *She* is thy own, ſpare not her ſide,
Hold faſt the Horns, thou maiſt command her Hide.
Make her to bellow, if *She* will not own
Her juſt Allegiance to the *Spaniſh* Crown.
Make known, the World's not come to that ſtrange paſs,
That the right *Owner* dares not Ride his *Aſs*.
Munſter ſtick cloſe, for th' own and *CHARLES* his ſake,
And leave her not, till that her heart doth ake.
Thou hitherto moſt glorious things haſt done;
Go on, and perfect what thou haſt begun.
VVhat do my Eyes behold upon the Ground?
The *Cow's Cloſe-ſtool-pan* is the *Gallick Crown*.
That *Prince* that ſides with a *Rebellious Stem*,
Is ſure t'have *Dirt* thrown on his *Diadem*.
By that he makes Home-ſpun Rebellion ſwell,
And ſo doth teach his Subjects to Rebel.
Laſtly, you ſee a *Prince* that ſtrongly tuggs,
And boldly ſucks this *Sullen Beaſt's* rich duggs.
Many attend her, and I hope concur
(In diſtinct Intereſts) to Ruine her.
Great *CHARLES* and *Munſter* will conjoyn in one,
To ſhare her *Fleſh*, Let *Lewis* pick the *Bone*.

TO

TO THE
VVORLDS VVONDER,
THEIR
ENEMIES TERROR,
AND
Noble Defenders of their KING, and Countreys Honor,
THE
BRITISH NATION.

Dear Countrey-men,

I *may be in this conjuncture of Affairs, you may think I have said* too little, *as things now stand between His Majesty of* Britain, *and the* Flemings, *truely I could say more, it being my duty to vindicate my Countreys Honor and Intereſt, as far as ſuch high Provocations, multiplied by*

by the weight of ſo many Obligations, may juſtly bear; yet have I been ſo far from ſetting Wounds bleeding afreſh, (ſince I hope there is an Antidote making ready in Holland) *that I have labored (perhaps without thanks) to ſalve with as much gentleneſs as modeſty could give me leave, the ſad and fatal Breaches; However, I ſhall be more ready to ask pardon, than offend by being too cenſorious, or violent againſt an Enemy; for, give me leave to tell you, I think we live in an Age that cannot well be flattered by fine words, truth and the matter is that they expect, I hope I have laid it down, and that without gilded Sentences. Accept them, and weigh them juſtly, for on my word they come from a faithful and loyal Subject to His Majeſty, though never in his pay.*

Charles Molloy.

Hollands ingratitude TO ENGLAND.

CÆSAR endured without exclamation the Senators Poniards, as whetted by intereſt or Revenge; but when that of his own Imp *Brutus* was preſented againſt him, he covered his face, leaving the world with no leſs ſhame then indignation againſt ſo much unnaturall ingratitude. The like might we do in relation to the *Dutch*. As to impute the fomenting of a War now againſt our Royal Soveraign: their baſe and barbarous dealings with us at both the Indyes againſt our Factories and Trade; and their many nd horrible outrages committed, as well on the Seas and other Ports in the World; as alſo at *Amboyna*, as at *Guyny*, to be onely the ſame hand that aſſiſted the Enemy towards the loſs of *Rochel*, in one word only to the ſordidneſs of their *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indy* Companies, and other Merchants; who have not onely been known to ſell Ammunition to the *Turks* and other *Mahometans*, the very blaſphemers of their Religion, (--- if they own any by *retail*) but even to his Catholick Majeſty, when he was bound in Honour no leſſe then Intereſt, to be their Enemy, In groſs.

Neither had I ever wiſhed the *charming* thoſe *Frogs*,

but that I ſee them ſo ready to become an *Egyptian* Plague, by *croaking* againſt us in our own *Waters*; yet though moſt of their *Gentry* were buried in the cruelty of ſuch as formerly govern'd them, and all marks of Honour almoſt blended amongſt them, in thoſe of *Profit*; they ſhall find ſo much civility in me, as to endeavour rather to bind up then inlarge the Rupture their indiſcretion hath made with his Sacred Majeſty; to whom I ſhall in modeſty ſhew how far they ſtand obliged, and offer reaſons to diſſwade them from thoſe wilde courſes, by which they do no leſs tickle the hearts of their Enemies with delight, then wound thoſe with ſhame and fear who do affect them.

Here then let me crave leave to addreſs my Speech to this ungrateful Neighbour, and thus expoſtulate with him.

Againſt his Catholick Majeſty.

After that *France*, tired with labour, the ſtriving of her own *Children* had cauſed in the *Bowels* of her *State*, and child by the cold diſtruſt conceived of *Your ſucceſs*, * had deſerted you in deſpair,

1. You may remember how *England* opened her tender Arms to receive your *Fugitives*, and her *Purſe* to pay your Souldiers. So that a foot of ground cannot be called yours, that owes not a third part to the *expence*, *Valour*, or *Counſel* of the *Engliſh*; of whom ſuch glorious *ſpirits* have expired in your defence, as have been thought at too too mean a rate to double the value of what they fought for. Brave *Sidney* falling upon ſuch ground as his glorious Miſtreſs thought too baſe and ignoble to bury him in; though you offered to purchaſe that *Honour*, at the price of the richeſt *Monument* you were *then* able to erect.

Did

2. Did not the *Engliſh* diſpute your *Title* at *Oſtend*, till they had no earth to plead on, the very ground failing them, before their Valours? Yet whilſt fighting there, not onely againſt the Flower of the *Spaniſh* Army, but the *Plague*, *Hunger*, and Cold diſpaire; their fellowes put you in poſſeſſion of *Sluce* beyond your hopes. So as it may be ſaid without Hyperbole; The Nobility and Gentry Queen *Elizabeth* loſt, doubled the number, the Cruelty of *Spaines* great *Philip* had left you?

3. Do not the Maritim Townes of *Kent*, *Eſſex*, *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*, &c. abound with the Iſſue of thoſe Swarms, the very ſound of their fellowes Calamities, and miſeries had driven out of their *Hives*?

4. Have you not had Liberty to Trade, and to become free *Denizons*, nay ſo Graciouſly have you been uſed by His Sacred Majeſty, and his Royal Father, and by his now generous Parliament to admiration, witneſſing but the Acts of Natuarallizing ſo many of your ſpawne in 12°. 13°. and 14°. of His now Majeſties Reign with Power to buy and purchaſe Land in Fee ſimple, Tale or otherwiſe in any of His Cities, or Countryes, no mark of diſtinction being impoſed in relation either to Honour, profit, or Juſtice?

5. Has not His Sacred Majeſty been alwayes ſo Tender of his Royal word that he made with you before he left the *Hague*, and the Preſervation, whilſt you needed it, and friendſhip, ſince God hath inabled you to ſubſiſt, as he ſcarce had ſet foot on his Royal Throne here, before the ſence of your ſafety no leſſe then His own Nature and Religion, Inſpired him with an earneſtneſs to renew or ſtrengthen *His Royal Alliance* with you, not ſo obſervable in reſpect of any Neighbour beſide, doubling I am ſure,

no leſſe in their Retaliation, then acceptance, the poor and few marks of gratitude, have dropt from you; Rather expunging them, with your more frequent Injuries, as being more willing to impute your failings to the leſſe Courtly nature of the Soyle and People, then the want of gratitude and Civility in ſo prudent a State to ſuch a Potent Neighbour as *Britain*, who nextto God may juſtly be ſtiled her *Maker*, in diſpenſing with ſo many dangers and inconveniencies for your ſake?

Queen Elizabeths aſſiſtance againſt the Spaniard.

6. Can you think ſo wiſe a Counſel as this Nation was ſteered by, did not apprehend; that though the making you free might fortifie the *Queens* out works; yet it could not but as much diſmantle the Royal Fort of *Monarchy*, by teaching Subjects the way to Depoſe their Princes, and be no looſers by the Bargain, which (by the way) would have rendred you unacceptable to all neighbour Monarchs, for thereby you'd furniſh their Subjects with a pretence upon all occaſions of advantage to do the like?

Was not the aſſiſting you, an occaſion of our Invaſion in *eightly eight*, by a *Navy* held invincible in the Creed of *Rome*, till the more glorious valours of the *Engliſh*, (aſſiſted by the *Lord of Hoſts*) had clearly confuted the *Popes* Title, even to the amazement of the *Clifts*, and wonder of the World. The onely reaſon then that kept King *Philip* from heading a Royal Army in his own Perſon, was fear he did apprehend of being caſt in his paſſage out of *Spain* (as his Father *Charles* the fifth was) upon the *Britiſh* ſhore, knowing the *Engliſh* more cordial in your preſervation, then ever to ſuffer him to come and go in peace, when he came on ſo bloody an errand?

Dover.

7. And though he as a magnanimous Prince, and ſo great

great a Monarch as he was, yet he did often desire *his Sister of England* to hear his just defence for his so rigorous proceedings; She refusing to dispute the truth of your Complaints, presuming it more probable for a stranger to be a Tyrant, then that the natural Inhabitants should upon a *slighter* cause, cast themselves into the no lesse bloody, then scorching flames of a civil and uncertain War: She seeming rather to forget the Obligations She owed him, either as a private Person or Brother, when he was King of *England*, then her neighbours oppressions. I shall not here need draw blood in your Faces by Application, your own conscience does it.

8. Were not your Messengers received into *England* in the quality of Embassadors, they being then too modest to own higher Titles then of *Poor Petitioners*, casting themselves prostrate at the feet of no less Potent *Tribunal*, then what you *were* admitted to in the quality of *Embassadors* but the other day, and the which you now fight against? Ha! tell me, Was it not such an honour you could *never* have attained to, but through the clemency of a gracious *Prince?* Your own Messengers at the very time, in the same quality, but narrowly escaped the Gallows, when they went with their own Petition to his *Catholick Majesty*. And did not his late Sacred Majesty, out of his Princely goodness, imbroider your Messengers with Titles unworthy such ingratitude, as you afterward shewed him and his against your alliance then made and professed?

One made a Lord, the other a Knight, at Oxford.

9. Have not you opened your Arms to receive *those* into your Counsels and Pay, that even the whole world does blush at the reflection of so horrid an Act; such is it, that at its Relation Tears fall on my Pen, as if it should say,

Thou

Thou art not able to expreſs its blackneſs. Wherein *Holland* canſt thou glory? Not with colouring it with a charritable Protection? O! no, for ſure I am that will vaile it ſelf at the Relation of ſo horrid a Villany; then what ſatisfaction can you give the world, or fancy to your ſelves, when you ſhow a Preſident how to protect the horridſt Regicide that ever drew breath, ſuch as are culpable of no leſs Crime then the Blood of Kings, Chriſtian Kings, nay ſuch a one as the world when living never could (nor though dead) be able to match; it was that glorious Prince, when living, that eſpouſed you, as it were, into his Royal Family; it was he when your Embaſſadors were jeered, that out of the great Maſs of *Holland*, could not afford them ſelves Cuffs, could anſwer, *It was never good world when* States *men took notice of ſuch trifles.* It was He that could part with his Royalty and Prerogative, and give you the honour and profit then to fiſh in his Seas, when otherwiſe you might have ſtarved for Fiſh; It was He that gave you thoſe many Priviledges that your own Cronologers have ingraved to poſterity, yet have you been ſo far from managing this Partiality or Charity, within the ordinary careere of Prudent Princes (who upon a leſs deſertion of Fortune then was obſerved, withdraw their aſſiſtance from all parties, looked upon with an unbiaſſed Aſpect) eſpecially ſuch who are not only Traytors to us, but alſo in State Policy to all Princes and States whatſoever.

10. Nay ſee further your ingratitude, that no ſooner providence had meaſured out the Kingdom into Peace, by reſtoring of us our Dread Sovereign unto his undoubted Right, and the very words of a firm Alliance and Amity (concluded betwixt you and him) ſcarce cold

cold in his mouth; but what wonderful outrages you committed in our Ships and Merchants in almost all places and Ports where you could either find or meet them, but especially there, where you found your selves able to treble the *English* power and strength, who if equally but Man'd or Ship't, would have reduced your Brandy courages into that combustion, which they say that Wine bears, and that onely by its flames to behold your own Ruines. Nay such was your Ingratitude, as if nothing were more indifferent to you, *Then who were happy, so* England *were miserable.* Nay after our good God had given their Royal *Highnesses* that Triumphant *Conquest* over you, and *dispersed* that *Invincible Fleet* (as you thought) of yours; and contrary to all expectation, *broke your Swords, and knapt your Spears in sunder*, yet you then let your *Ribald Pen* vomit out floods of *Reproaches*, in hope to involve us in a *Civil War* again, *who was then in a strong labour with a peace to An Angry and justly displeased God; yet blessed be his Name, it was such a punishment as the Man after his own heart chose.* Nor did you in all your *horrid* Libels, Pamphlets and Pictures forget any one thing that could be said to *his Sacred Majesties Court, Parliament and Kingdoms* disparagement, the which with an impartial eye, would onely delineate your own.

No Indecency I am sure in any of them observable during their proceedings, that is not easily to be matc'd with an Enormity of yours.

So as the *Phanaticks* Ring-leaders, or your Pilates in our Vessel by accident then, proved more His Majesties Friends and made better use of reason of State.

For

For finding their Faction here was able to return them no more then a bare compliance of mock-God-Prayers, and alſo finding that Prince of Wonder the Duke of *Albemarle* was ready to give them the Reward of Traytors and Rebels they did (as I hope you will) diſſolve, and it may be returned to their firſt-Principal, the Devil: yet ſuch was your ingratitude, that there was nothing wanting towards the fomenting and ſtirring up the ſame.

Now I have in part drawn, to the knowledge of all, your Ingratitudes, yet not one hundred part of what they are, and for their hainouſneſs deſerve onely a Pen of Steel, to Record them in the wrinkled brow of time, there to remain to poſterity.

Give me leave to expoſtulate with you, for I in Conſcience, and as an *Engliſh* man, cannot but pay that duty which I in honour owe to this famous Nation, but ask who made you ſo far our Surveyors, as to limit out the extent of their conveniencies, that are found to have laid out themſelves to purchaſe yours?

Was ever ſo high an intruſion offered, as for a Neigh- to preſcribe how another ſhould be regulated in matter of Trade, and what Bottoms are fitteſt to be imployed? Would you not ſcorn the like Uſurpation, though made by your ---- *France*, or new ſworn *Ally Denmark*, who for ſo many years hath ground your faces with a Tole, never yet impoſed upon you by our Kings in our Seas? For the proof of whoſe Propriety, I leave you to Learned *Selden*, in his *MARE CLAUSUM*, and another excellent Piece Entituled *DOMINIUM MARIS*, *&c.* Tranſlated out of *Italian* by a Perſon of Honour.

And

And if you were not unwilling for thoſe many years to come ſtealing, and bribing the Uſurpers ſo long, for your Fiſhing, why ſhould you be ſo touchy now, with ſuch as inquire whether it was worth your Coſt? And though I was pleaſed to hear ſo rich a Town as *Amſterdam* could be founded on *Herring-bones*, The Lord of Hoſts is my faithfull witneſs how afflicted I ſhould be to ſee it hazard the reducing into its firſt Principle by a war with *England*.

And thus much I underſtand of your Trade, that the late Uſurpers did not onely give you the Fiſh but baits to catch them, loaden by boats full out of the *Thames*, which they would never have done, had they been as full of circumſpection as that creature is reported to be of eyes. *Lampries*

Now this conſidered pray why may not his Majeſty aſſume to himſelf the rights of diſpoſure, and Regulating that which undoubtedly is his own, and why may not he take that undoubted Style of Lord of the *Britiſh Ocean?* as well as you at *Guiney*, and the *Indies*, that ſtrive with your Maker who ſhall be moſt High and Mighty.

There are three things principally inſiſted upon, by which the United Provinces *pretend to have fixed an Obligation upon* England *and expunged their former Score, which nevertheleſs upon an impartiall debate will rather prove wholly chargeable upon their own account then ours: ſo far are they from having given a full ſatisfaction for all the Love, Coſt, and Bloud, expended by us in their preſervation.*

1. The firſt is the aſſiſtance lent us in *Eighty Eight*

which was no more then the profeſt Antagoniſts to the quiet of *Italy*, did freely contribute againſt the common Enemy in the battle of *Lepanto*, who did there oppoſe the *Grand Signior* in relation to their Reſpective ſafeties. Beſides it was a true received maxime in the wiſe Counſell of *Spain* and holds ſo ſtill ;

That he that deſires to ſubdue the United Provinces, muſt firſt Conquer England, *or draw her from their ſuccour*;

And finding the latter impoſſible, they fell upon the the other as more feazible.

2. The ſecond is your Entertainment given to thoſe paterns of wonder in ſuffering, the diſtreſſed King and Queen of *Bohemia*, which according to the reſt of your pretended Curteſies unto *England*, you have ſtrained far higher then the ſtring is able to bear in its natural extent, therefore I ſhall take leave to tune it right in the ears of all impartiall Judgements, and after ſetting open the Cabinet give men free leave to value the Jewell, which in truth amounts to no more then giving houſe room to a vertuous Prince undone by your Councell and the reſt of the union

3. For the third is your entertainment likewiſe which you gave his Sacred Majeſty in his exile and thoſe of his Loyal Nobility & followers, that run the ſame hazard with their dear Maſter in his afflictions, during the Uſurpers, the which truly was no more but houſe room. It is true, you did it, but wherein could you be endangered by it, for by that Act you had only ſhowed ſome part of your acknowledgements to the living branches, nay the very Images and children of thoſe famous men that had formerly expired in your preſervation, but alſo purchaſed that, from the Princes in the world, which you could never have done

done otherwiſe, An eternal love; ſuch, that had not Almighty God made his Sacred Majeſty a ſecond Cauſe in the ſame, your own Intereſts could never have purchaſed the like; in one word, his Majeſty, his Counſel, and thoſe of his Royal Trayn, were the beſt Arrow in the *Belgick* Lyons Paw. I need not give the Reaſons for what I ſay, I ſay I need not, for I am ſure that there is ſcarce a Man amongſt you all but were the better by it, and you know it too too well ever to demand the ſame, therefore I ſhall wave all that touches that matter.

As for the buſineſs of *Amboyna* caſt into the Ballance, whoſe very Name, whilſt Son and Moon ſhall keep their courſe, or an *Engliſh* Spirit breath, can never be forgot or (I fear) forgiven; yet Heaven knows my Soul, I ſhall be ſo far from opening the horrour of its Act to the world, that I will cloſe it with theſe few Lines, the which I wiſh you may truly follow.

So Priam *griev'd, when he too late did find,*
The Grecian *Horſe with Armed men was lind:*
So brave Agamemnon *look't with ſad eyes,*
When he beheld his Daughters Sacrifize.
So ſight Achilles, *when in ſorrow ſent*
His loved Brices *to* Alcides *Tent:*
Or, as that brave Thebeam *Wife that mourn'd*
To ſee her Hectors *body rob'd, Intomb'd.* *Andromacha.*
Such for thoſe Cruelties at Amboyna *done*
By your back fiends, may you for ever mourn,
In ſighs and ſable tears, nay ſuch that may
Waſh clear your hands againſt worlds judging day.

For my part really I doubt not, but that upon a more ſerious reflection of your *Wiſdoms* on your own Intereſt, you will return to a more ſtreight Alliance with his *Majeſty*, by making juſt ſatisfaction for what you and yours have moſt ungratefully done to this Nation, unleſs that God in his anger hath ſuffered you, to mingle *Lethe* with the reſt of *your Liquor.*

Nay further, give me leave to tell you, that it is impoſſible for you to ſubſiſt without contracting a ſtreight Alliance with us, and complying with his Majeſties juſt requeſts, the which if not done, you'l find a *Britans* Courage within few months give Laws, and Command, that which you denyed Sir *George Downing*, upon ſo many of his Majeſties Gracious Meſſages by him to you, the which you then as it were ſcorn'd, but I believe ſince have paid ſoundly for that Ingratitude; but to return, I ſay it is impoſſible for you to ſubſiſt without *his Alliance.*

1. For firſt you cannot truſt *Spain*, or your new ſworn *Ally France*, *The one laying clame to what you poſſeſs, the other to what you are ambitious to obtain.*

Whereas *England* ſtands free from all ſuch pretences, *Queen Elizabeth* refuſing to hold you in groſs, and onely accepted of *Fluſhing and the Brill, the which King James* was ſo weary of, as he returned them for a far leſs ſum then they were pawned.

2. Neither is his Majeſty ambitious of any of your *Dutch Lands*, becauſe he has more *Marſh Lands* already within his Dominions, then is well known how to be diſpoſed of; beſides it were a madneſs for any true *Engliſh* man who may live quietly in *Ireland* (which for *Forts Soyl*

Soyl and Plenty is inferior to no *Island* in the whole world, to venture fighting for an Estate in *Holland*

3. Is our *Alliance* likely to change if once firmly established? whereas there is no longer hold with *France*, then whilst the two Potent Factions of *Protestant* & *Papist* shal subsist within her in peace; by the clashing of which, or any other inland or forreign matter, they immediately will flag off, and so leave you to be your own Guardians. Nay if you but go a little further, and thoroughly Scan your Alliance with *France*, you will find *Poyson* at the bottom of their friendship, more danger then protection, it having been alwayes *the humour of that people to swagger with their Neighbours for room, upon the least enjoyment of quiet, being seldom or never able to serve their Allies, but when they are in worse case to help themselves.*

Nay if you were but sensible of the happiness of that condition you are in, *and of the most scorching slavery in the World that that famous Nation now lies under by their Kings there* ---- me thinks should terrifie you, who by so many brave Conquests joyntly with the *English*, to the worlds amazement freed and redeemed you from the *Spanish Yoak*, should now forsake them and cleave to a *French* Mushroome, who was ever accounted to say one thing, write another, and mean another; nay admit them into your very Bowels, the which *I* fear will be too too late repented, when like a brood of Vipers you shall behold them gnawing their way through the body of their Succourer, whose life inevitably perishes thereby.

For pray what can you build by his admittance into your Countrey of advantage? O, he is to assist you

you againſt the Prince of *Munſter*; is that it, well very good: but pray if ſo, why muſt there be no leſs then fourſcore or a hundred thouſand men in Arms in and about you: Thanks be to God, it is none of *Englands* ſmalleſt bleſſings that they are not able to come hither on Horſe-back, and you very well know the *French* Proverb, *Never Peace at home, unleſs they be at War with other States*: *Holland* is rich and good plunder, therefore look to it; in one word, you have good ſtore of Ships, and they have good ſtore of Men, which *I* believe you want; and you had beſt do with them as the *Engliſh* Nobility did *William* the *Conqueror*, invite him for ſuccour, and he proved their Murderer, and then Crown'd himſelf; which was but the *French* Proverd verified, *Baſton porte paix quand & foy*. The Sword or Club where ere it comes it brings Laws with it.

Laſtly, The *French* are not ſo ſutable to your Humours as the *Engliſh*, who look upon Merchants as Gentlemen, they as *Pedlers*; in one word, you have only a friend at a *Sneeze*, the which, in plain *Engliſh*, is onely *God help you.*

I know you are too wiſe to expect real friendſhip from *Spain*, or a continuance of your never to be broken agreement made with his *Catholick Majeſty*, if you continue as you have begun with *Us.*

It not being likely he ſhould overſee, the advantage will be offered him, of catching of *Gudgeons* in your *Inland Waters*, whilſt we are out at Sea ſcuffling for *Sprats.*

If you be prohibited Trading hither but one year longer, I wonder what the Devil will become with the *French Wines, the moſt ſtaple Comodity they have to barter*

ter

ter for? The *East* Countries being as unable to take them off, by reason of Cold, as you to consume them in burnt Wines.

Monarchs neither do, nor can look upon you under a milder aspect then *Trajtors*, without a *Tacit* consent of the like Power resident in their People explode them, as conscient of giving the same cause; whereas *England* does and ever did esteem you in a more Honourable Relation and Interest; For though you like the *Dial* of *Ahaz* recoyled so many Degrees back in the Sphear of *Policy*, it is naturally more proper for that hand, and that Power which first made you a Free State to be touched with an Inclination ever to maintain that Honour and Interest, which the blood of so many of their Brave Country-men, has expired in the setting of it up.

Experience the true *Polititian* has made it apparrent how advantageous an *English* Confederacy and Alliance hath been alwayes to you: For if you consider how Honourable it would be to *Spain*, who hath long endeavoured it. And convenient to *France* in regard of her claim to *Artoys* & *Hannault*, to convert you into a *Colony*, you would not be so intent upon Profit as to encroach the very whole Trade in the world out of your (under God) Makers mouths as you now do, for I know your Wisdoms do know it is esteemed by all prudent Nations far inferiour to Safety. As for your Alliance with *Denmark* truely that is likelier to ad number then weight to friendship, being lyable to bewhistled off, or on according to the Inclination of His *Imperial Majesty* so twisted in marriages

marriages with the *Catholike King*, with whom His Majesty has made a firm Alliance, that the difficulty is as great to distinguish between their Interests as *Consanguinity*: and it may be, he may find his Country too hot to hold him, if his Neighbour the *Swede* does but think they have got any thing Rich since 1657. Besides those *Eastern* Countries have been ever looked upon, not onely as a *Store-house, wherein God hoards up the miseries of the Winter*, but also the *Cruel Plagues of Incursions*; apparent in the *Goths* and *Vandals*, whose barbarous hands assisted *Time*, in the destruction of such Monuments in *Italy*, as she alone amongst her *Heroes*, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and all her other *Intestine Civilians* had not been able to demolish.

To

To conclude with a few Queries, let me Humbly desire you to consider,

1. Whether such as do now Foment this Division, do not Act the Ingenious Policy of the Wolf in the Fable, that perswaded the Sheep to give over their Mastives?

2. What other Alliance can afford you so safe Harbourage, in case of foul weather at Sea, as *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*? if none; whether Contingencies driven in by storm under our shelter, your *East* and *West-India*, and *Straits*-men, may not exceed all the Coals and Tobacco-Prizes *De Ruyter*, or young *Van-Trump*, shall scrape up upon the Sea?

3. If the raising a flying Army in the *Netherlands*, may not one time or other be reduced to such a Faction, especially when headed by one that cannot keep the same consort with you; be a great cause of Resolving you into your first Principle of both *Poor*, *Distressed*, and *Oppressed*. Nay, it may be, further reduce you to be *Vassals* to some of your right or left-hand Neighbours, whose Aim is wholly to Root up that Vine, which they perceive is likely to Eclipse their Glories in Traffick and Trade?

4. If *Venice* may not unproperly be called the Signet on *Neptunes* Right-hand; Whether *England* and the *Netherlands*, being in a straight Confederacy, may not be stiled his two Arms? By which, in relation to their Shipping, he embraceth the Universe.

5. Whether your Maiden-Towns, as you call them, may not longer enjoy that Title under the Alliance of *England*, who hath many more rich and beautiful Harbours and Havens then the French King, that cannot brag of the like Plenty, or Conveniency for Scituation, by the half?

6. Whether your admitting thoſe *Taterdemalion Muſhrooms* of Fortune, (the French) into your Country, may not conjure up the Old Devil, which they were ever poſſeſt of, *to be no mans friend, but for their own end*? Your Wiſdomes may underſtand what manner of Title they can broach, *&c.* when once they are i'th' Sadle: they have got the Bridle in their hands already, (I do not tell you it's a *Dunkirk*-one) but I believe the Stirrup likewiſe. Which if ſo, I can but ſmile to think how your High and Mighty Cedars will ſo Artificially be turn'd into poor and low Shrubs.

7. Whether the ſixth Querie does not come too late?

8. Whether the making an honourable Peace with *England*, by complying to her Demands, may not be ſaid putting of mony to Intereſt?

9. In caſe it ſo happens, whether their Wiſdomes do not ceaſe two dangerous and chargeable Wars, the which if not done, may not (if there be any ſuch thing as a Britiſh ſpirit) be the ſole cauſe of having it ſaid, *Their bloud was upon their own heads?*

10. If a Candle being extinguiſht, whether the ſnuff is pleaſing to any of the ſenſes?

11. Whether in caſe *Zealand*, or any other of your

your Provinces, irritated by the Inconveniencies that muſt inevitably follow, may not be tempted to divide, and adhere to the Stronger and Honeſter ſide? and which that is, your VViſdomes may eaſily reſolve, from the Diſpute his Royal Highneſs, and the brave *Rupert*, gave you Min-here *Opdam*?

12. Whether the Dutch are not convinced of an hereſie that they broacht, that their Highneſſes died, and roſe again the thirtieth day after?

13. Lastly, Whether the World may not afford Us, and You, ſufficient Trade, without Intruding on each others Intereſts? And if in caſe there be any Wolves in Sheeps-skins amongſt us, that ſeek to deſtroy us; have we not that bleſſed ſaying ready, *Is there not a* David *for a Shepherd to ſmite?*

A Panegyrick, on the Illuſtrious GEORGE Duke of *Albemarle, &c.*

WHat Bluſtering Noiſe, thus interrupts our Sleeps,
And Ecchoing Shouts, thus cleave the Criſtal Deeps?
And ſeems to call, Great George, *from Royal Court.*
What noiſe of Canon, and what Mars-*like ſport*
Se-ecchoe hither, by th' Iſſean *Spring?*
Hark, with what ſhouts the Dales, and Rocks, do ring;
And in unuſual Pomp, on Tip-toes ſtand,
And (full of Wonders) over-look the Land.
What Load-ſtar Eaſtward, draweth thus all Eyes?
Whence doth this noiſe of Guns and Drums ariſe?
Sure Heav'n has ſeen our wrongs, our juſt deſires
Obtained are, no higher now aſpires
Our wiſhing Thoughts, ſince to his Native clime,
The Flower of Princes, Honour of his time
Is now return'd to give Imperial Laws,
To France *her glory, and proud* Belgick's *Paws.*
Thy life was kept, till the Three Siſters ſpun His Life.
Their Threads of Gold, and then it was begun;

Scarce

Scarce wast thou born, when joyn'd in friendly bands,
Two mortall foes with other Claſped hands.
With Vertue, Fortune *ſtrove, which moſt ſhould grace*
Thy place for Thee, Thee for ſo high a place;
One vow'd thy ſacred Breſt not to forſake,
The other on Thee not to turn her back;
And that Thou more Her loves Effects mightſt feel,
For Thee, ſhe left her Globe, and broke her Wheel.
When Years Thee Vigour gave, O then how clear
Did ſmother'd Sparkles in bright Flames appear!
O Thou! far from the Common-pitch didſt riſe,
With thy Deſignes, to dazle Envies eyes.
Thou ſoughtſt to know this Alls-eternal Source
Of ever-turning Heavens, their reſtleſs Courſe:
Their fixed Lamps, their Light which wandring run,
Whence Moon *her Silver hath, his Gold the* Sun,
The light Aſpiring fire, the liquid Air,
The Flaming Dragons, Comets with Red Hair;
Heavens Tilting Launce, Artillery, and Bow,
Loud ſounding Trumpets; Darts of Hail and Snow;
The Roaring Element, with People dumb
The Earth, with what conceiv'd is in her Womb;
What on her moves, were ſet unto thy ſight,
Till thou didſt find their cauſes, Eſſence, might,
In chief thy mind didſt give to underſtand,
A Kingdomes Steerage, and how to Command.
Though Crown'd thou wert not, nor a Prince by Birth,
Thy worth deſerv'd a Coronet on Earth.
Search this half Spheare, and the Antartick *Ground,*
Where is ſuch Counſel, Courage to be found;
As into ſilent Night, when near the Bear,
The Virgin-Huntreſs *ſhines at full, moſt clear;*

And

And ſtrives to match her Brothers golden Light,
The Hoſt of Stars, doth vaniſh in her ſight.
So Brittaines *Dukes, ſhine bright in their degree,*
All elſe looſe Luſture, parallel'd with Thee;
By juſt deſcent, from Honour thou didſt ſhine,
By juſt deſert, Imblazon'd is thy Line;
For by thy Counſels, more then any Law,
Straid-gone ſheep to Loyalty Thou didſt draw,
Ever more prizing a true Loyal Breſt
Then Peru's *Gold, inclos'd in* Marble *Cheſt.*
No Miſts of greatneſs ever could thee blind,
No Stormy Paſſions do diſturb thy Minde.
Submitting Belgick *Foes, thou life didſt give*
Ingrateful ſouls that would not have us live.
What Man by Goodneſs, hath ſuch Glories gain'd,
Whoſe Princes right and Peoples ſo maintain'd?
Not where the Swain ſits piping on a Reed,
But where the wounded Knight his life doth bleed.
Not where the Huntſman winds his ſhril-tun'd Horn,
But where the Canon does Joves *Thunder ſcorn.*
Not where the Panick *Shepherds keep their Flocks,*
But where the Bloud-di'd-Sea doth daſh the Rocks.
Thou art this Iſle's Palladium, *neither can,*
whilſt thou command'ſt it, be o'recome by man.
If ſure the World above, did want a Prince,
The World above too ſoon, would take Thee hence.
O Virtues Patern! Glory of our Times,
Sent of Paſt-dayes, to expiate our Crimes;
Great Prince, but better far then thou art Great,
Whom State not honours, but who honours State.
By wonder born, by wonder firſt inſtal'd;
By wonder, after to new Glories call'd.

As a Plantagenet.

Young

Young kept by wonder, from home-bred Alarms,
Old ſav'd by wonder, from th' Ingrateful *hands,*
To be for this Command, which wonder brings:
A Prince of wonder, wonder unto Kings.
This was that Brave man, who ſhould right each wrong,
Of whom the Bards, *and Myſtick* Sibyls *ſung;*
Long ſince foretold, by whoſe Victorious power,
This Iſle, *Her Antient Gloryes ſhould reſtore;*
And more of Fortunate, *deſerv'd the ſtyle,*
Then thoſe, where Heavn's with double Summers *ſmile.*
Run on Great Prince thy Courſe in Gloryes way:
The End, the Life, the Evening crowns the Day.
Heap worth on worth, and ſtrongly ſoar above
Thoſe Heights, which made the VVorld, Thee firſt to love.
Surmount thy Self, and make Thine Actions paſt,
Be but as Gleams, or Lightnings of thy laſt;
Let them exceed thoſe of thy Younger time,
As far as Autumn, *doth the Flowry prime.*
So ever Gold, and Bayes, Thy Brows adorn,
So never Time, may ſee Thy Race out worn;
So of Thine own, ſtill may'ſt thou be deſir'd,
Of Holland *fear'd, and by the VVorld admir'd;*
Till Thy great Deeds, all former deeds ſurmount,
Thou'ſt quail'd the Nimrods *of our Helleſpont.*

Nep-

Neptunes Triumph, in a Welcome to the moſt Illuſtruous *Rupert*, Prince Palatine, and Duke of *Cumberland*; beſeeching him to put a Period to his well-begun Conqueſt at Sea.

AM I wake? Or have ſome Dreams conſpir'd
To mock my Sence, with what I moſt deſir'd?
View I th' Undaunted face, ſee I thoſe looks,
Which with delight, were wont t'amaze my brooks?
Doe I behold that Mars, *that man Divine,*
The VVorlds great Glory by thoſe VVaves of Mine?
Then finde I true, what long I wiſh'd in vain,
My much-beloved Prince is come again.
So unto them, whoſe Zenith *is the* Pole,
VVhen ſix black Months, bright Sol *begins to Roll;*
So comes Arabia's wonder *from the VVoods,* *Phenix.*
And far, far off is ſeen by Memphis Flouds.
The feather'd Sylveans, *Cloud-like by her fly,*
And with triumphing Plaudits beat the Skie.
Nyle *marvels*, Serap's Prieſts, *entranced rave,*
And in Migdonean ſtone, *her ſhape ingrave:*
In laſting Cedars, *they do mark the time,*
In which Apollo's Bird *came to their Clime.*

To Virgins, Flowers ; to Sun-burnt Earth, the Rain ;
To Mariners, fair Winds amidſt the Main ;
Cold ſhades, to Pilgrims with hot glances burn,
Are not ſo pleaſing as thy bleſt return.
That day (dear Prince) which rob'd us of thy ſight,
(Day ? no, but darkneſs, and a duskie Night)
Did fill our breaſts with ſighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn'd Minutes to ſad Months, ſad Months to Years.
For while my Court enjoy'd thy Princely gleams,
She did not envy Belgick's *haughty ſtreams,*
Nor wealthy Tagus, *with his golden Ore,*
Nor clear Hydaſpes *which on Pearls doth roar,*
Nor Flouds which near th' Elyſium *fields do fall ;*
For why ? Thy ſight did ſerve to them for all.
Swell proud my Billowes, faint not to declare
Your Joys as ample as his Conqueſts are ;
For murmurs hoarſe, ſound like Arions *Harp,*
Now delicately flat, now ſweetly ſharp.
And you my Nymphs, *riſe from your moiſt repair,*
And crown this lofty Prince with Lillies fair ;
Kiſs each his floating Caſtles that do run
Swift as the Riſing or the Setting Sun.
Eye of our weſtern World, Mars-*daunting Prince,*
Whoſe valiant Deeds the World can't recompence ;
For they not onely claim thoſe Diadems,
To which th' Imperial Rhyne ſubjects her ſtreams,
But to thy Virtues and thy deeds is due
All that the Planet of the year doth view.
O dayes to be deſir'd ! Age happy thrice,
If you your Heaven-ſent-good could dayly prize !
But we (half Palſie-ſick) think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our ſight ;

Prize

Prize onely Summers *ſweet perfumed breath,*
When armed Winter *threatens us with death.*
I ſee an Age when after ſome few years,
And Revolutions of the ſlow-pac'd Sphears:
Theſe dayes ſhall be 'bove other far eſteem'd,
So like the Worlds great Conquerours be deem'd.
The Names of Cæſar, *and feign'd* Paladine,
Grav'n in Times ſurly brows, in wrinkled Time;
Of Henries, Edwards, *famous for their fights,*
Their French Conqueſts, and Orders new of Knights;
Shall by this Princes Name be paſt as far,
As Meteors are by the Idalian Star.
For to Great Brittains Iſle, *thou ſhalt reſtore,*
Her MARE CLAUSUM; *Guard her pearly ſhore:*
The Lyons paſſant, of Dutch-bands ſhalt free,
To the true Owner of the Lillies three.
The Seas ſhall ſhrink, ſhake ſhall the ſpacious Earth,
And tremble in her Chamber, like pale death.
The hills amaz'd ſhall ſtand, the vales, the rocks,
The roaring Cannon with its Sulpherous pocks,
Shall thunder thy Conqueſts, that th'world may ſee
Great Brittains *Arms triumphing under Thee.*
Vouchſafe, bleſt people, raviſht here with me,
To think my thoughts, and ſee what doe I ſee;
A Prince all Gratious, Affable, Divine,
Meek, Wiſe, Juſt, Valiant, and whoſe radiant ſhine
Of Virtues (like the Stars about the Pole,
Guilding the Night, enlightneth every ſoul
That weads my blew Chariot) born in this age,
To guard the Innocents from Tyrants rage;
Reſtore our Soveraigns right, who riſing high
To grace his Throne, makes Brittains *Name to fly*

On Halcyon's *wings, her Glories which reſtores,*
Beyond Oceanus *to the* Indean *ſhores.*
O love this Prince with an eternal love!
Since your loves Object doth Immortal prove;
Pray that that Crown his Anceſtors did wear,
His Temples long (more happy) he may bear:
That Heaven on him her bleſſings may beſtow,
That ſo his Conqueſts may for ever grow:
That Victory his brave Exploits attend,
Or Weſt *or* South, *where e're his force ſhall tend.*
So Memory praiſe him, ſo pretious hours,
May Character his Name in Starry Flowers.
So may his high Exploits at laſt make even,
With Earth his Honour, Glory with the Heaven;
So when his well-ſpent care, all care becalmes,
He may in peace ſleep in a ſhade of Palms;
And rearing up fair Trophies, that Heav'ns may
Extend his Life to th'worlds extreameſt day.

Of a Dutchman.

HE is an unfiniſht man, or elſe one that Nature made leſs then others (not for perſon for that's louſtick enough) but in ſoul. A right Dutchman can never be a true Friend, a Loyal Subject, or a good Neighbour; for his Trade carryes away his heart; riches his Allegiance, and thieving his ſoul: he is the meer ſpawn of the worſt of

of Spaniards, but far now from bearing one ſpark of their brave Natures. That he is nothing but a confuſed heap of Butter, Oyl, Cheeſe and Brandy, ſo blended together, as if the Almighty when he created the Univerſe, had deſigned their beings in Ditches; for they are meer Frogs, Egyptian-plagues, croaking in other mens waters, they having none of their own, but ſuch as they bury their dead in; they are truly the Almighties Rods, ſent to vex his people; and the Devils Kitchin-ſtuff, to fry the damned. They hate Drink, as the parched Earth does Rain, and cram their Guts with no more zeal, then a ſtarved *Epicurus*. They are alwayes men to morrow morning: they will make Indentures with their heels as they go, and ſwear *ſnick* or *ſnee*, if you make them ſtand; they are a living Spunge ſouſed in Liquour, and ſometimes ſo far drown'd, that they need a Coroner. If an Engliſh-man but fights them, they look as if their eyes would run into their ſouls, and their ſouls out of their eyes, for the ſight of an Engliſh Sword wounds thoſe Water-Rats more ſenſibly then a ſtroak, and that's the reaſon they dam up their Windows with Brandy, and are drunk ever when they engage: Every Engliſh man is his *Hogan Mogan*, that dare beat him; and every one that knows him dare do it. He is a kind of Chymiſt and Poet, turns all into Gold and Liquor; a right Dunghill-Cock, that ſcrapes in dirt and mire, to finde the Gem: He knows not how to uſe it, unleſs it be to cut his Makers throat, or to ſtudy the Kitchin Alchymy, in which he is ſo learn'd, that he wears his

his brains in his belly, being eternally chain'd by the Teeth unto Meat and Drink, for the salvation of his damn'd Gut. He is never contented full nor fasting, for it grieves his soul (if he has any) to see his Neighbour have an ounce of Peper, or as much Callico as will make a pair of socks for a Flea, and he nor concern'd: No way is indirect for wealth to a Dutch-man, whether of fraud or violence; gain is his Religion, which if Conscience goes about to hinder or exclaim against, immediately condemned for a common Barrater. For wealth he will loose his Friend, betray his Country, pine his Body, and damn his Soul. To conclude,

——He is no less,
Then the perfection of all wickedness,
The Quintessence and abstract of all evil,
And Cloth'd in Flesh, to act the closer Devil.

The Character of a French Man.

A Play so called, written by the Marquess of Newcastle.

His rise, is a Vine-presser at *Bourdeaux*, a Fidler in *Orleans*, a Barbar in *Paris*, a Gentleman in *England*, and a Lord in the Variety; He is a false Friend, a fawning Spanel, that will bite an Englishman if he can: The worst kinde of Courtier, by so much as he acts the better part. He hath alwayes two Faces, sometimes two hearts, but ever wants a Soul: Witness, the Ingenious *Italian*, who ever calls him *Mushroom*. He can compose his Fore-head with a smile, while his heart curses the person, and then laughs in himself that he has cozened him. His Tongue and his Lips are true Friends to the Devil; for he never sees Vices, but with a blear eye.

That Plant that wants a Root.

If

If your Engliſh Gentlemen but Travel to *Normandy*, to ſee *Henry* the ſeconds Tomb, it coſts him as much as if he had buried him; for he in half an hour ſhall have more Waſps about his Yellow Jacobuſes, then his Mother a Twelve-month about her Bee-hives: Such Legs, ſuch Hats, and Services are tendered, that the Traveller thinks himſelf in a ſecond *Jeruſalem*: His Tongue ſhall over-walk in the Tract of unjuſt praiſes; For a French-man can no more tell how to Diſcommend, then to ſpeak True: his ſpeeches are full of wondering Interjections, and cryes *Jeſu Maria*, and then ſhrinks his ſhoulder with as much Zeal, as a Spaniard at Confeſſion.

His Praiſes are alwayes in the *Superlative* Degree, and that ever in the preſence of the new arrived Object, the which are ſo ſtuffed with ſuch damn'd Hypocriſie of *ma foy* at the Engliſh ſuite he had on, and then tells him with a Countenance twiſted like a Cart-rope, that *begar Mounſieur* you have *a vary bon body*, but de Engliſhman have *ad ſported ad you*; then tells of *Device* the French Kings Taylor, who muſt ſtraight be fetcht, who like a Jacanapes with the Bears, is ſo he Scarleted and Sworded, that at firſt you'd take him for a Low-Country Souldier, whoſe baſe minde is well ſuited with his Mercenary Tongue: who does ſo cloſe up the matter, that in one Summers Month in *April*, Fidling, Dauncing, Boulting, Fencing, and Frigating, the young Gallant is ſo Tyred with them, that without ſummons he returns as Butterflies in *September*, ſo Metamorphiſed and o're-grown with Hair, that he looks as if he had been with *Nebuchadnazzer*.

A French mans Art is nothing but a delightful Cozinage in ſmooth Phraſes, guilded with Perjury, that makes ſuch fools, who tickle themſelves to death with over-valuing themſelves: If his Engliſh Schollar in the French Tongue, does but utter a Complement indifferent, both his hands are little enough to bleſs himſelf:

He

He extols his Ingenuity in his abſtnce, but alwayes ſo, that it may not want a ſafe conveyance to his Ear, by the which he ſo Obliges the Young Gallant, that he ſhall ſooner take ſome French Raſcal for his waiting Gentleman, with whom he goes ſnips, then any Engliſhman, though he be never ſo well accompliſhed. In fine, he is Ingenious in hiding Imperfections, but not in carrying: he has a Complexion for every Face: The World hath not a more Artificial Inſtrument of Fawning Hypocriſie, or a more Impudent Bawd of Diſhoneſty, then this Muſhroom; Honeſty to him is Nice Singularity, and Religion a meer Cheat, for he'll adore the Sanctified Chaire, and if poſſible, he'll S------ in it: All Gravity to him is Dullneſs, and Vertue is onely an Innocent conceit of the Melancholy and baſe-minded.

They Invaded Italy, 1662.

Laſtly, He is a Moth in the Engliſh-mans Coat, an Earwig in the Dutch, a Caterpillar in the Italian; the Deſtruction of the Glory and Reputation of our Brittiſh Court; a friend and Slave to the Trencher, and good for nothing but an Ambaſſador for the Devil.

FINIS.